## BOZ IN THE UNITED STATES.

Charles Dickens' "American Notes."

#### THE LATEST EDITION.

What the Great Novelist Thought of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Washington, Cincinnati. and St. Louis, Twentyfive Years Ago.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[CONTINUED.] Philadelphia and its Solitary Prison. The journey from New York to Philadelphia occupies between five and six hours. It was a fine evening when we were passengers in the train; and watching the bright sunset from a little window near the door by which we sat, my attention was attracted to a remarkable appearance issuing from the windows of the gen-tlemeu's car immediately in front of us, which I supposed for some time was occasioned rip-number of industrious persons inside ripsupposed for some time was occasioned by a ping open feather-beds, and giving the feathers to the wind. At length it occurred to me that they were only spitting, which was indeed the case; though how any number of passengers which it was possible for that car to contain could have maintained such a playful and incessant shower of expectoration, am still at a loss to understand, notwithstand-

ing the experience in all salivatory phenomena which I alterwards acquired.

I nade acquaintance, on this journey, with a mild and modest young Quaker, who opened the discourse by informing me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of colddrawn castor-oil. I mention the circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational

we reached the city late that night.
Looking out of my chamber-window, before going to bed, I saw, on the opposite side of the way, a handsome building of white marble, which had a mournful, ghost-like aspect, dreary to behold. I attributed this to the some influence of the night, and on right, the morning looked out again as a line of the the morning looked out again as a line of the light. rising in the morning looked out again, ex-pecting to see its steps and portico thronged with groups of people passing in and out. The door was still tight shut, however; the same cold, cheerless air prevailed; and the building looked as if the marble statue of Don Guzman could alone have any business to transact within its gloomy walls. I hastened to inquire its name and purpose, and then my surprise van-ished. It was the tomb of many fortunes; the Great Catacomb of investment; the memorable

United States Bank, The stoppage of this bank, with all its rulnous consequences, had cast (as I was told on every side) a gloom on Paliadelphia, under the depressing effect of which it yet labored. It certainly did seem rather dull and out of spirits.

It is a handsome city, but distractingly regu-lar. After walking about it for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen, and the brim of my hat to expand. beneath its Quakerly influence. My hair shrunk into a sleek short crop, my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark Lane over against the Market Place, and of

making a large fortune by speculations in corn, came over me involuntarily.

Philadelphia is most bountifully provided with fresh water, which is showered and jerked about, and turned on, and poured off, everywhere. The Waterworks, which are on a height near the city, are no less orna-mental than useful, being tastefully laid out as a public garden, and kept in the best and neatest order. The river is dammed at this point, and forced by its own power into bertain high tanks or reservoirs, whence the whole city, to the top stories of the houses, is

supplied at a very trifling expense.

There are various public institutions. Among them a most excellent hospital—a Quaker establishment, but not sectorian in the great benefits it confers; a quiet, quaint old Library, benefits it confers; a quiet, quaint old Library, named after Franklin; a handsome Exchange and Post Office; and so forth. In connection with the Quaker Hospital, there is a picture by West, which is exhibited for the benefit of the funds of the institution. The subject is our Saviour healing the sick, and it is, perhaps, as favorable a specimen of the master as can be seen anywhere. Whether this be high or low praise depends upon the reader's teste. In the same room there is a very characteristic and life-like portrait by Mr. Sully, a distinguished American artist.

guished American artist, My stay in Philadelphia was very short; but what I saw of its society I greatly liked. Treating of its general characteristics, I should be disposed to say that it is more provincial than Boston or New York, and that there is affoat in the fair city an assumption of taste and criti-cism, savoring rather of those genteel discussions upon the same themes, in connection with Shake peare and the musical glasses, of which we read in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Near the city is a most splendid undnished marble structure for the Girard College, founded by a deceased geutleman of that name and of enormous wealth, which, if completed according to the original design, will be per-haps the richest edifice of modern times. But of enormous bequest is involved in legal disputes, and, pending them, the work has stopped, so that, like many other great undertakings in America, even this is rather going to be done one of these days than doing now.

In the outskirts stands a great prison, called the Eastern Pentientiary, conducted on a plan peculiar to the State of Pennsylvania. The system here is rigid, strict, and hopeless solitary confinement. I believe it, in its effects, to be

cruel and wrong. In its intention, I am well convinced that it is kind, humane, and meant for reformation; but I am persuaded that those who devised this system of Prison Discipline, and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execu-tion, do not know what it is that they are doing. celleve that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, proagony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers; and
in guessing at it myself, and in reasoning from
what I have sees written upon their faces, and
what to my certain knowledge they feel within.
I am only the more convinced that there is a
depth of terrible endurance in it which none
but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and
which no man has a right to inflict upon his
fellow-creature. I hold this slow and daily
tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be
immensurably worse than any torture of the
body; and because its ghastly signs and tokens
are not so palpable to the eye and sense of
touch as scars upon the fiesh,—because its
wounds are not upon the surface, and it exterts wounds are not upon the surface, and it exterts few cries that human ears can hear,—therefore I the more denounce it as a secret punishmen which slumbering humanity is not roused up to I hesitated once, debating with myself whether, if I had the power saying "Yes" or "No." I would allow it to be tried in certain cases, where the term of imprisonment were short; but now I solemnly declare that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lie me down upon my bed at night, with the conscious ness that one human creature, for any leogite of time, no matter what, lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the eause, or I consenting to it in the least

I was accompanied to this prison by two gentlemen, officially connected with its management, and passed the day in going from cell to cell, and talking with the inmates. Every facility was afforded me that the utmost coartesy could suggest. Nothing was concealed or hidden from my view, and every prece of information that I soughs was openly and Irankly given. The perfect order of the building cannot be praised too highly, and of the excellent motives of all who are immediately concerned in the administration of the system there can be no kind of question.

be no kind of question.

Between the body of the prison and the outer wall there is a spacious garden. En-tering it by a wicket in the massive gate, we pursued the path before us to its other termination, and passed into a large ber, from which seven long passages radi-ate. On either side of each is a long, long row of low cell deors, with a certain number over every one. Above, a gallery of cells like those below, except that they have no narrow yard attached (as those in the ground, tier have), and are somewhat smaller. The possession of two of these is supposed to compen eate for the absence of so much air and exercise as can be had in the dull strip attached to each of the others, in an hour's time every day; and therefore every prisoner in this upper story has two cells adjoining, and communicating with

Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dult repose and quiet that prevails is awful. Occasionally there a drowsy as und from some lone weaver's shuttle, or shoomaker's last; but it is stifled by the thick walls and heavy dungeon door, and only serves to make the general stillness more profound. Over the head and face of every prisoner who comes into this melancholy house a black bood is drawn; and in this dark shroud, an emplem of the curtain dropped be-tween bim and the living world, he is led to the cell from which he never again comes forth, until his whole term of imprisonment has ex-He never hears of wife or children home or friends, the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison officers, but with that exception he never looks upon a human countenance or hears a human voice. He is a man buried alive-to be dag out on the slow round of years; and in the meantime dead to verything but torturing anxieties and horrible

His name, and crime, and term of suffer ing are unknown even to the officer who delivers him his dally food. There is a number over his cell door, and to a book of which the governor of the prison has one opy, and the moral instructor another: this is the index to his history. Beyond these pages the prison has no record of his existence; and, though he live to be in the same cell ten wear years, he bas no means of knowing, down to the very last hour, in what part of the building it is situated, what kind of men there are about him; whether in the long winter nights there are living people near, or he is in some lonely cor-ner of the great jail, with walls and passages and tron doers between him and the nearest harer in its solitary horrors.

Every cell has double doors-the outer one of sturdy oak, the other of grated iron, whorein there is a trap through which his food is handed. He has a Bible, and a slate and pencil, and, under certain restrictions has sometimes other books, provided for the purpose, and pen and tuk and paper. His razor. plate, and can and basin, hang upon the wall, or shine upon the little shelf. Fresh water is laid on in every cell, and he can draw it at his pleasure. During the day his bedstead turns up against the wall, and leaves more space for him to work in. His loom, or bench, or wheel is there; and there he is bors, sleeps, and wakes, and counts the seasons as they change, and grows old.

The first man I saw was seated at his loom a work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been con-victed as a receiver of stolen goods; but even after this long imprisonment denied the guilt and said be had been hardly dealt by. It was als second offense.

He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to every thing that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low, thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had ingeniously manufac-tured a sort of Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vinegar bottle ved for the pendulum. in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it "would play music before long." He had extracted some colors from the yarn with which he had worked, and painted a few figures on the wall. One, of a female, over the door, he called "The Lady of the Lake."

He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to while away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip irembied, and could have counted the beating of his heart. orget how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his

ace with his hands. "But you are resigned now!" said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner. He answered, with a sigh that scemed quite reckless in its hopelessness, "O yes, O yes! I am resigned to it." "And are a better man, you think?" "Well, I hope so; I'm sure I hope I may be." "And time goes pretty quickly?" "Time is very long, gentlemen, within these four walls!"

He gazed about him-Heaven only knows how wearily !- as he said these words; and, in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and went about his work again.

In another cell there was a German, sentenced to five years' imprisonment for larceny, two of which had just expired. With colors procured in the same manner, he had painted every inch of the walls and ceiling quite beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground behind with exquisite neatness, and had made a little bed in the centre, that looked, by-the-by, like a grave. The taste and ingenuity he had displayed in everything were most extraordipary; and yet a more dejected, heart-broken, wretched creature it would be difficult to imagine. I never saw such a picture of forloin affliction and distress of mind. My heart bled for him; and when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he took one of the visitors aside to ask, with his trembling hands nervously clutching at his coat to detain him, whether here was no hope of his dismai sentence being commuted, the spectacle was really too patulu to witness. I never saw or heard of any kind of impressed me more than the wretchedness of this man.

In a third cell was a tall, strong black, a burgiar, working at his proper trade of making screws and the like. His time was nearly out. He was not only a very dexterous thief, but was notorious for his boldness and hardthood, and the number of his previous convic tions. He entertained us with a long account of his achievements, which he narrated with such infinite relish, that he actually seemed to lick his lips as he told us racy anecdotes of stolen plate, and of old ladies whom he had watched as they sat at windows in silver spectacles (be had plainly had an eye to their metal, even from the other side of the street), and had afterwards robbed. This fellow, upon the slightest encouragement, would have mingled with his professional recollections the most detestable cant; but I am very much mis-taken it he could have surpassed the unmita-rated hypocrisy with which he declared that he blessed the day on which he came into that prison, and that he never would commit another robbery as long as he illed robbery as long as he lived.

There was one man who was allowed, as an indulgence, to keep rabbits. His room, having rather a cless smell in consequence, they called to him at the door to come out into the passage. He complied, of course, and stood shading his haggard face in the unwonted sunlight of the great window, looking as wan and onearthly as if he had been summoned from the unearthly as if he had been summoned from the grave. He had a white rabbit in his breast; and when the little creature, getting down upon the ground, stole back into the cell, and he, being dismissed, crept timidty after it, I thought it

would have been very hard to say in what respect the man was the nobier animal of the two. There was an English thief, who had been there was an English tales, who had been there but a few days out of saven years—a villanous, low-browed, thin-lipped fellow, with a white face, who had as yet no relish for visitors, and who, but for the additional penalty, would, have gladly stabbed me with his shoemaker's knife. There was another German who had engrand the fall but was stated as a stated of the sale. knife. There was another German who had entered the jail but yesterday, and who started from his bed when we looked in, and pleaded, in his broken English, very hard for work. There was a poet, who, after doing two days' work in every four-and-twenty hours, one for himself and one for the prison, wrote verses about ships (he was by trade a mariner), and the "maddening wine-cnp," and his friends at home. There were very many of them. Some reddened at the sight of visitors, and some turned very pale. Some two or three had prisoner nurses with them, for they were very sick, and one, a fat old negro, whose leg had been taken off within the jail, had for his attendant a classical scholar and an accomplished surgeon, himself a prisoner likewise. plished surgeon, himself a prisoner likewise. Sitting upon the stairs, engaged in some slight work, was a pretty colored boy. "Is there no refuge for young criminals in Philadelphis, then?" said I. "Yes, but only for white chidren." Noble anstocracy in crime!

There was a sailor who had been there up-wards of eleven years, and who in a few months? time would be free. Eleven years of solitary

confinement! "I am very glad to bear your time is nearly out," What does he say? Nothing. Why does he store at his hands, and pick the flesh upon his fingers, and raise his eyes for an instant, every now and then, to those bare walls which have seen his head turn grey? It is a way he has sometimes.

Does he never look men in the face, and does he niways pluck at those hands of his, as though he were bent on parting skin and bone?

It is his humor, nothing more.
It is his humor, too, to say that he does not look forward to going out; that he is not glad the time is drawing near; that he did look forward to it once, but that was very long ago; that he has lost all care for everything. It is his humor to be a helpless, crushed, and broken man. And Heaven be his witness that he has his humor thoroughly gratified!

There were three young women in adjoining cells, all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy to rob their prosecutor. In the silence and solitude of their lives they had grown to be quite beautiful. Their looks were very sad, and might have moved the sternest visitor to tears, but not to that kind of sorrow which the contemplation of men awakens. One was a young girl; not twenty, as I recollect; whose snow-white room was hung with the work of some former prisoner, and upon whose downcast face the sun in all its splendor shone down through the high chink in the wall, where one narrow strip of bright blue sky was visible. She was penitent and quiet; had come to be re-signed, she said (and I believe her); and had a mind at peace. "In a word, you are happy here?" said one of my companions. She strugeled-she did struggle very hard-to answer yes; but raising her eyes, and meeting that glimpee of ireedom overhead, she burst into tears, and said, "She tried to be; she uttered no complaint; but it was natural that she should sometimes long to go out of that one cell; she could not help that," she sebbed, poor thing!

I went from cell to cell that day; and every face I saw, or word I heard, or incident I noted is present to my mind in all its painfulness. But let me pass them by for one more pleasant glance of a prison on the same plan, which I

afterwards saw at Fittsburg.

When I had gone over that in the same manner, I asked the Governor if he had any person in his charge who was shortly going out. He had one, he said, whose time was up next day; but he had only been a prisoner two years.

Two years! I looked back through two years

in my own life—out of jail, prosperous, and happy, surrounded by blessings, comforts, and acod fortune—and thought how wide a gap it was, and how long those two years passed in solitary captivity would have been. I have the face of this man who was going to be released face of this man who was going to be released next day before me now. It is almost more memorable in its happiness than the other faces in their misery. How easy and how natural it was for him to say that the system was a good one, and that the time went "pretty quick, considerin;" and that when a man once felt that he had offended the law, and must satisfy it, 'be got along somehow," and so forth.

What did he call you back to say to you in that strange flutter?" I asked of my conductor, when he had locked the door and joined me in the passage.

"Oh! That he was afraid the soles of his boots were not fit for walking, as they were a good deal worn when he came in; and that he would thank me very much to have them mended, ready. Those boots had been taken off his feet, and

put away with the rest of his clothes, two years I took that opportunity of inquiring how they conducted themselves immediately before going out, adding that I presumed they trembled very

"Well, it's not so much a trembling," was the answer—"though they do quiver—as a complete derangement of the nervous system. They can't sign their names to the book; sometimes can't even hold the pen; look about 'em without sppearing to know why, or where they are; and sometimes get up and sit down again twenty times in a minute. This is when they're in the office, where they are taken with the hood on, as they were brought in. When they get outside the gate they stop and look first and then the other, not knowing which to take. Sometimes they stagger as if they were drunk, and sometimes are feared to lean against the fence, they're so bad-but they clear off in

As I walked among these solitary cells, and looked at the faces of the men within them, I tried to picture to myself the thoughts and feelings natural to their condition. I imagined the hood just taken off, and the scene of their cap-tivity disclosed to them in all its dismal mono-

At first, the man is stunned. His confinement s a hideous vision; and his old life a reality. He throws himself upon his bed, and lies there abandoned to despair. By degrees the insupportable solitude and barrenness of the place rouse him from this stuper, and when the trap in his grated door is opened, he humbly begs and prays for work. "Give me some work to do, or I shall go raving mad!"

He has it, and by fits and starts applies himself to labor; but every now and then there comes upon him a burning sense of the years that must be wasted in that stone coffin, and an agony so piercing in the recollection of those who are hidden from his view and knowledge, that be starts from his seat, and striding up and down the parrow room with both hands clasped on his uplifted head, hears spirits tempting him to beat his brains out on the wall.

Again he falls upon his bed, and lies there moaning. Suddenly he starts up, wondering whether any other man is near; whether there is another cell like that on either side of him;

and listens keenly.

There is no sound; but other prisoners may be near, for all that. He remembers to have heard once, when he little thought of coming here himself, that the cells were so constructed that the prisoners could not hear each other, though the officers could hear them. Where is the nearest manupon the right, or on the left? or is there one in both directions? Where is he sitting now—with his face to the light? or is he walking to and fro? How is he dressed? Has he been here long? Is he much worn away? Is he very white and spectre-like? Does he think of his neighbor too?

Scarcely venturing to breathe, and listening Scarcely venturing to breathe, and listening while he thinks, he conjures up a figure with his back towards him, and imagines it moving about in his next cell. He has no idea of the face, but he is certain of the dark form of a stooping man. In the cell upon the other side he puts another figure, whose face is hidden from him also. Day after day, and often when he wakes up in the middle of the night, he thinks of these two men until he is almost distracted. He never changes them. There they are always as he first imagined them—as old man on the right; a jounger man upon the left

whose hidden features torture him to death and have a mystery that makes him tremble. The weary days pass on with solemn pace, like mourners at a funeral; and slowly he begins like mourners at a funeral; and slowly he begins to feel that the white walls of the cell have comething dreadful in them; that their color is horrible; that their smooth surface chills his blood; that there is one hateful corner which torments him. Every morning when he wakes, he hides his head beneath the coverlet, and shudders to see the ghastly calling looking down upon him. The blessed light of day itself peeps in, an ugly phantom face, through the unchangeable craylog which is his mison window. changeable crevice which is his prison window. By slow but sure degrees, the terrors of that hateful corner swell until they beset him at all times; invade his rest, make his dreams hideous, and his nights dreadful. At first, he took a strange dislike to it; feeling as though it gave birth in his orain to something of corresponding shape which ought not to be there, and tacked his head with pains. Then he began to fear it, then to dream of it, and of men whisto fear it, then to dream of it, and of then whispering its name and pointing to it. Then he
could not bear to look at it, nor yet to turn his
back upon it. Now it is every night the lurking, place of a ghost; a shadow; a silent something, horrible to see, but whether bird or
beast, or muffled human shape, he cannot tell.

When he is in his cell by day, he fears
the little yard without. When he is in the
yard, he dreads to re-enter the cell. When
night comes, there stands the phantom in

night comes, there stands the phantom in the corner. If he have the courage to stand in its place, and drive it out (he had being desperate), it broods upon his in the twilight, and always at the same hour, a voice calls to him by name; as the dark-ness thickens, his loom begins to live; and even that, his comfort, is a bideous figure, watching him till davbreak.

Again, by slow degrees, these horrible fancies Again, by slow degrees, these horriole landles depart from him one by one; returning sometimes unexpectedly, but at longer intervals, and in less alarming shapes. He has talked upon religious matters with the gentleman who visits him, and has read his Bible, and has written a prayer upon his slate, and hung it up as a kind of protection and an assurance of heavenly companionship. He dreams now, sometimes, of his children or his wife; but is sure that they are dead, or have deserted him. is easily moved to tears; is centle, sub missive, and broken spirited. Occasionally, the old agony comes back; a very little thing will revive it; even a familiar seund, or the scent of summer flowers in the air; but it does not last long now; for the world without has come to be the vision, and this solitary lite

the sad reality.

If his term of imprisonment be short—I mean If his term of imprisonment be short—I mean comparatively, for short it cannot be—the last half-year is almost worse than all; for then he thinks the prison will take fire, and he be burned in the ruins, or that he is doomed to die within the walls, or that he will be detained on some false charge and sentenced for another term; or that something, no matter what, must happen to prevent his going at large. And this is natural, and impossible to be reasoned against, because, after his long separation from human life, and his great suffering, any event will appear to him more probable in the contemplation than the being restored to liberty and his fellow-creatures.

It his period of confinement have been very long, the prospect of release bewilders and confuses him. His broken heart may flutter for a moment, when he thinks of the world outside, and what it might have been to him in all those lonely years, but that is all. The cell door has been closed too long on all its hopes and cares. Better to have hanged him in the beginning than bring him to this pass. and send him forth to mingle with his kind, who are his kind no

On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners the same expression sat. I know not what to liken it to. It had something of that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secret! terrified. In every little chamber that I entered and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory, with the lascination of a remarkable picture. Parade before my eyes a hundred men, with one among them newly released from this solitary suffering, and I would

point him out.

The faces of the women, as I have said, it humanizes and refines. Whether this be because of their better nature which is elicited in solitude, or because of their being gentler creatures, of greater patience and longer suffering, ment is nevertheless, to my thinking, fully as cruel and as wrong in their case as in that of

the men. I need scarcely add.

My firm conviction is that, independent of the mental anguish it occasions—ar that, indepenanguish so acute and so tremendous, that all imagination of it must fall far short of the reality-it wears the mind into a morbid state, which renders it unfit for the rough contact and busy action of the world. It is my fixed opinion that those who have undergone this punishment Musr pass into society again morally unhealthy and diseased. There are many instances on record of men who have chosen or have been condemned to lives of per-fect solitude; but I scarcely remember one, even among sages of strong and vigorous in-tellect, where its effect has not become apparent in some disordered train of thought or some gloomy ballucination. What monstrous phantoms, bred of despondency and doubt, and born and reared in solitude, have stalked upon the earth, making creation ugly, and darkening the face of Heaven!

Fuicides are rare among these prisoners; are almost, indeed, unknown. But no argument in favor of the system can reasonably be deduced from this circumstance, although it is very often urged. All men who have made diseases of the mind their study, know perfectly well that such extreme depression and despair as will change the whole character, and beat down all its powers of elasticity and self-resistance, may be at work within a man, and yet stop short of self-destruction.

That it makes the senses dull, and by degrees impairs the bodily faculties, I am quite sure. remarked to those who were with me in this very establishment at Philadelphia, that the criminals who had been there long were deat. They, who were in the habit of seeing these men constantly, were men constantly, perfectly amazed at the idea, which they regarded as groundless and fanciful. And yet the very first prisoner to whom they ap-pealed—one of their own selection—confirmed my impression (which was unknown to him) instantly, and said, with a gonuine air it was impossible to doubt, that he couldn't think how it happened, but he was growing very dull of

That it is a singularly unequal punishment and affects the worst man least, there is no deubt. In its superior efficiency as a means of re ormation, compared with that other code of regulations which allows the prisoners to work in company without communicating together, I have not the smallest faith. All the instances of reformation that were mentioned to me were a kind that might have been-and I have no doubt whatever, in my own mind, would have been equally well brought about by the silent system. With repard to such men as the negro burglar and the English thief, even the most enthusiastic have searcely any hope of their conversion.

It seems to me that the objection that nothing It seems to me that the objection that nothing wholesome or good has ever had its growth in such unnatural solitude, and that even a dog, or any of the more intelligent among beasts, would pine, and mope, and rust away beneath its influence, would be in itself a sufficient argument against this system. But when we recollect, in addition, how very cruel and severe it is, and that a solitary life is always liable to peculiar and distinct objections of a most deplorable nature. Wich have arisen here, and call to nature, which have arisen here, and call to mind, moreover, that the choice is not between this system and a bad or ill-considered one, but between it and another which has worked well, and is, in its whole design and practice, exceland is, in its whole design and practice, excellent; there is surely more than sufficient reason
for abandoning a mode of punishment attended
by so little bope or promise, and fraught, beyound dispute, with such a host of evils.

As a relief to its contemplation, I will close
this chapter with a curious story, arising out of
the same theme, which was related to me, on
the occasion of this visit, by some of the gentlemen concerned.

men concerned.

At one of the periodical meetings of the in-spectors of this prison, a working man of Phila-delphia presented himself before the board, and earnestly requested to be placed in solitary conearnestly requested to be placed in solitary confinement. On being asked what motive could possibly prompt him to make this strange demand, he answered that he had an irresistible propensity to get drunk; that he was constantly indulging it, to his great misery and ruin; that he had no power of resistance; that he wished to be put beyond the reach of temptation; and that he could think of no better way than this. It was pointed out to him, in reply, that the prison was for criminals who had been tried and sentenced by the law, and could not be made available for by the law, and could not be made available for any such isnelful purposes; he was exhorted to abstain from intoxicating drinks, as he surely might if he would; and received other very good advice, with which he retired, exceedingly dis

advice, with which he retired, exceedingly aissatisfied with the result of his application.

He came again, and again, and again,
and was so very earnest and importunate,
that at last they took counsel together, and
said, "He will certainly qualify himself for
admission if we reject him any more. Let
us shut him up. He will soon be glad to
go away, and then we shall get rid of him." So
they made him sign a statement which would they made him sign a statement which would prevent his ever sustaining an action for false imprisonment, to the effect that his incarceration was voluntary, and of his own seeking; they requested him to take notice that the officer in attendance had orders to release him at an hour of the day or night when he might knock upon his door for that purpose; but desired hin to understand that, once going out, he would not be admitted any more. These conditions agreed upon, and he still remaining in the same mind, he was conducted to the prison, and shut up in one of the cells.

In this cell, the man who had not the firm

ners to leave a glass of liquor standing untusted on a table before him-in this cell, in solitary confinement, and working every day at his trade of sheemaking, this man remained nearly two years. His health beginning to fail at the explintion of that time, the surgeon recommended that he should work occasionally in the garden and, as he liked the notion very much, he went about this new occupation with great cheerful

He was digging here, one summer day, very industriously, when the wicket in the outer gate chanced to be left open, showing, beyond, the well-remembered dusty road and sunburnt fields. The way was as free to him as to any man living; but he no sooner raised his head and caught sight of it, all shining in the light, than, with the involuntary instinct of a prisoner, be cast away his spade, scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him, and never once looked back. [To be Continued.]

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